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ARCHDEACON HARE'S

LETTER TO THE

EDITOR OF THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS
AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR:

A L E T T E R

TO THE EDITOR

OF THE ENGLISH REVIEW,

FROM

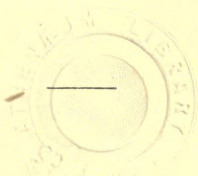
JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A.

ARCHDEACON OF LEWES :

WITH A LETTER

FROM PROFESSOR MAURICE

TO THE AUTHOR.



LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND:

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TO

THE EDITOR OF THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,

In the last number of your Review, you have inserted an article entitled, *On Tendencies towards the Subversion of Faith*. There are many such tendencies in these days, and very mischievous ones, proceeding from divers quarters, not seldom from those who deem themselves the sole champions of the Faith. Nor can there be any subject of deeper interest to the Church, or calling for more Christian wisdom to consider it. I was somewhat puzzled however at seeing that, among the six works enumerated at the head of the article, two bore my name, one as Editor, the Collection of Sterling's Essays,—the other, *the Mission of the Comforter*. Of the former I shall speak anon. But what could the latter, I askt myself, have to do with tendencies subversive of Faith? How could it be dragged under such a category? On reading the article I found that I had been selected by the writer, as the chief offender. At least I am the main object of his reprobation, and not unmeritedly so, if there are any grounds whatever for it. But what is the fact? I have little relish for the practice of answering literary criticisms. Let the critic confine himself to his proper field, however unfair and abusive he may be, the most judicious course

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is to be silent. But when he steps out of his peculiar sphere, and vehemently impugns the moral and religious character of the author he is reviewing, it may become expedient to rebut his accusations, if one can. This is especially necessary when that author holds a responsible official situation in the Church, in which his power of fulfilling its duties depends wholly on the character thus assailed; at least if the attack proceeds from quarters to which any credit is paid. Therefore, as the charges brought against me, if there is the slightest particle of truth in them, if they are not wholly false, if I cannot prove them to be so, would brand me as a traitor to God, as a perjured minister of our Church, as a wretch who ought to be cast out of all honorable society, I feel it incumbent on me to declare thus publicly and solemnly, that they are utterly false and malignantly slanderous; and this I will prove them to be, so help me God! For the Review in which they stand, has a certain weight with a considerable party in our Church. Several men, highly and deservedly esteemed, are credibly reported to have written in it: and its tone hitherto, so far as I have observed, has not been much tainted with that virulence, by which many of our so-called Religious Journals are disgraced. Hence there is reason to apprehend, notwithstanding the total groundlessness of the charges, the mass of readers, who are apt to assume that, if a charge is not contradicted, it is admitted, might fancy, as they come from such a quarter, there must be some degree of truth in them. For few take pains to investigate the grounds, or even the logical sequence, of what they read: and when a person is denounced as an infidel, the unbelief, which lurks in almost every heart, will straightway cry out,

Crucify him!—a cry which will only be repeated more vehemently and fiercely, if any one asks, *Why? what evil has he done?*

The grounds alledged for the accusations against me may be ranged under two heads; first, the publication of the prose-writings of my dear friend, Sterling, with the sketch of his life prefixt to them; and secondly, the part I am said to have taken in encouraging the study of German Theology, with the purpose, as the Reviewer repeatedly insinuates, if he does not positively assert it, of undermining the faith of the English Church.

With regard to the first work, I did not undertake it without counting the cost, nor without much hesitation and reluctance. No other work I ever engaged in caused me a hundredth part of the painful anxiety. Not that I anticipated any evil consequences to the faith of any one from it. On the contrary I thought that Sterling's life might be so represented, with all faithfulness, and with all tenderness, as to be a useful lesson and warning to the many young men of our age, whose minds are in a state of perplexity more or less resembling his. Every one acquainted with the intellectual condition of the young men of the present day must be aware that the number of those who are entangled in similar difficulties is very large; and I have reason to know that my anticipations were not erroneous. But I did greatly fear lest I should be the instrument of holding up my dear friend to severe reproach and condemnation, which if I did, I should violate the duties of friendship, as well as the first duty of a biographer; whose work, when it is not a work of love, should in most cases be left undone. I did fear lest some of the vultures or other obscene birds that infest our Religious Journals, should try

to gratify their appetites by tearing and mangling the remains of my friend. Besides I could not but foresee the likelihood that I myself should incur blame, and might give offense to many pious persons, which my office rendered it a special obligation to avoid. Why then did I undertake the work? For a long time I shrank from it, until at length it seemed that the power of choice was scarcely left to me. For the alternative presented to me was, that I should execute the work, or else that it would be executed by another. Now I felt a deep conviction that, if such a monument was to be erected to Sterling, I was the person whom he would have wisht to erect it; and this conviction was shared by most of his friends, if not by all. Nor was any other qualified to speak of the most interesting, most energetic, happiest, and best period of his life, that which he spent in the active labours of the ministry. Nor was there any one who knew so much of his subsequent perplexities, or had such means of tracing their progress. Had the picture of his ministerial life been left out, the whole would have been sadly distorted, and would have assumed a much greater similarity to that of Blanco White, with which the Reviewer compares it. Under these convictions, and in the belief that the work, if executed by me, would do more justice to my friend, and be more profitable to others, than if it came from any other pen, I determined to encounter the obloquy which it might bring on me; although my reluctance to defy that was aggravated by the fear that some might be cast upon my friend, with the view of injuring me. For divers causes had compelled me to take part in some of our ecclesiastical and religious controversies, whereby I must almost inevitably have displeased the vehement partisans, it might even be, of

both the opposite parties; and I knew how unscrupulous many of the writers in our Religious Journals are, if they can but wound an adversary. I knew that the *odium theologicum* has not forfeited its ancient character. This probability seemed increast, when it so happened that the publication of the work took place in the midst of the painful disputes on the appointment of the Bishop of Hereford; so that I was quite thankful when I saw an article in *the Guardian*, written during the heat of that controversy, in the gentlemanly spirit which mostly distinguishes that newspaper, speaking kindly of Sterling, and even of his Biographer. The evil day however was only postponed. That from which *the Guardian* was withheld by its gentlemanly spirit, has now been done by the writer in your Review.

One of his main charges against me, which he repeats again and again, is, that I have held up Sterling to admiration. Having undertaken to write his life, how could I do otherwise than exhibit the beautiful and noble features of his character? Its nobleness shines through his letters, and has been felt by numbers who have read them. It was felt in like manner by all who came near him while he was on earth, in proportion to their knowledge of him. Was I then to suppress it, or to veil it over? Is this your Reviewer's conception of the duty of a biographer? Often, alas! there have been those who have deemed that to speak the truth is a tendency subversive of faith, that the God of Truth is to be worshipt and defended by lies; and this article proves that the race of such persons is not extinct. In this spirit the writer of it tries to make his readers believe that I have held up Sterling's errors to admiration. He does not expressly assert this: he just keeps

clear of the downright falsehood: but he insinuates it repeatedly, in the shuffling manner which characterizes the whole article, complaining of my eulogizing a sceptic and an infidel, while he omits all mention of my having said anything shewing how I deplored and mourned over his errors, while I tried to explain their origin and progress. To me it seemed that such a course would be far more profitable to persons in a like state of mind, than if I had denounced and railed at them. Many will be softened and won by sympathy, and by an earnest attempt to enter into their difficulties, who would only be repelled and irritated by a summary condemnation, the injustice and harshness of which they would deeply feel and resent. I am well aware that a practice very different from this has in all ages been adopted by the bravoës of Orthodoxy, one of whose favorite employments has ever been to traduce and blacken the character of all such as, on whatsoever grounds, had incurred the imputation of heresy. Afraid of meeting their adversaries in honorable battle, they have shot at them with poisoned arrows. I am aware too that many good men have betrayed the weakness of their faith, and the slipperiness of their honesty, by their readiness in giving ear to and propagating the grossest calumnies with such a purpose. But surely their conduct is a most powerful warning to seek truth and pursue it with singleness of aim, in the smallest things as well as in the greatest. The course which I have taken seemed to me moreover to be that set before us in the example of Him, who had compassion on our infirmities, and came to bear our sins in this way also, and who did not refuse to be called the Friend of publicans and sinners. In the Reviewer's copy of the New Testament, one might suppose, all this

portion must be left out: for he has no more notion of such a duty than if he had lived in the ages anterior to the Gospel. He sneers at me more than once (pp. 402, 439) by means of his favorite flower of speech, italics, for having spoken of the deep sympathy with the errors and faults, and even with the sins of mankind, manifested in Sterling's early writings, as a peculiar excellence, which is also found in some others among the great writers of our age. To those who have ever thought of comparing the manner in which the lower orders, their vices, their sins, their temptations, their errors, are spoken of now, with the tone adopted toward them in former centuries, the contrast must be very striking: and though this spirit may be perverted, as every good spirit may be, and may be turned into maudlin sentimentalism, or into a pantheistic obliteration of the differences between right and wrong, still in itself it is a good spirit, and, when properly directed and controlled, is so far a sign that our age in this respect is endeavouring to fashion itself more according to the pattern of Christ. Good too are the fruits which this spirit is bearing more and more every year, in the manifold schemes and institutions for improving the moral condition of the lower orders,—in all that is done to humanize and to Christianize them. The Reviewer however rejects all sympathy with such a spirit. He refers two or three times to the passage, where I say, with plain reference to the story of the woman taken in adultery, that he who is conscious of no sin in like matters, may cast a stone at Sterling, but that I cannot. He seems to think this very strange, very reprehensible. Doubtless he would readily have cast a stone at Sterling, or at the adulteress, had he been present,—nay, even at Him who did not condemn the adulteress. A

thoroughgoing Pharisee has no consciousness of any sin or fault, moral or intellectual.

On one point, where a grave censure is deduced from a misapprehension of the facts, I must stop to correct that misapprehension. The Reviewer says (p. 400), that "it appears from the narrative that Archdeacon Hare had—urged Sterling to take holy orders at a period when he must have been conscious that the tendency of his early education was negative. When a person holding Archdeacon Hare's situation tells us that he has strongly urged a man of sceptical and unsound views to take holy orders,—a man with whose opinions he was fully acquainted,—we must say that an encouragement is at once held out to any amount of indifference, however criminal, in the choice and recommendation of candidates for holy orders. What condition can be more essential to the due exercise of the Christian Ministry, than a firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity? Such was not a qualification at any time possessed by Mr Sterling." In this passage there are two false statements, which at all events betoken a determination to make out as heinous a case as possible. It is utterly false that Sterling at no time possessed a firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity. The Memoir of his life shews that for a long time he did receive those doctrines fully. So did he for a long time receive the Scriptures as inspired, although his view of the mode of inspiration differed from the common one. Again, it is not true that I was acquainted with Sterling's "sceptical and unsound views," and with the negative tendency of his early education, at the time when I recommended him to take orders. Of course, in the narrative of his life, I have spoken of his early education, before I speak of his

taking orders; whence the Reviewer jumps to the conclusion that I must have known of the former before the latter. In a person so deficient in clearness of thought, this blunder might have been excusable; although, as in so many cases the beginning is one of the last things we come to, thus it mostly happens that the last part of a friend's life, of which one hears much, is the beginning. But I have expressly said in p. viii. that the information concerning his early education was communicated to me "*in later years*;" which the Reviewer would have attended to, if he had not been so absorbed in imagining mischief against me. The intercourse between a tutor and pupil at our large colleges in Cambridge is very seldom close enough for the tutor to become acquainted with the intellectual and spiritual state of his pupils, except so far as it may be disclosed in connexion with the studies of the place. From the year during which Sterling attended my classical lectures, I knew him to be highly gifted: I knew that he was an ardent lover of truth, upright and conscientious, generous and affectionate, careless about himself, when he heard the call of Duty. Was I wrong in inferring that such a man, if he took orders, if he felt that he could do so conscientiously,—and I was sure he would not do it, unless the act approved itself to his conscience,—would be a good servant in the ministry of the Church? Was it very reprehensible, on occasion of some allusion to his future profession, to place the ministry before him as the noblest of all fields of action? The result confirmed my judgement. So long as he was allowed to act in the ministry, he devoted himself zealously to his work; and the beautiful paper inserted in pp. xlix—liv. must convince every one of this, except a man who fancies that the whole of religion

consists in telling the beads of an orthodox rosary. Would that thousands of our Clergy were animated by the spirit which breathes through that paper? We should not need the bead-tellers then; nor would they harm us.

The next short paragraph of a dozen lines contains two falsehoods at the least. The Reviewer states that Sterling pursued the study of German Theology with "a zeal not inferior to that of his friends" (Mr Hare and Mr Maurice). Here is a falsehood by implication; inasmuch as the sentence implies that Mr Maurice was a diligent student of German Theology, to which he has never given much time, and which at that period he could hardly read: and this falsehood is brought in to prepare the way for a series of others, with the view of making out that Mr Maurice is a patron of German Theology. In Sterling's latter years, the Reviewer next says, "his anxiety for the overthrow of existing beliefs and Churches was overwhelming." It would have been nearer the truth to say that his dread of that overthrow was overwhelming. What but this is implied, for instance, in the passage which the Reviewer quotes? "If I saw any hope that Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce and their fellows could reorganize and reanimate the Church and nation,—I think I could willingly wrap my head in my cloak, or lay it in the grave, without a word of protest against aught that is. But I am well assured that this cannot be." However he may have misjudged the actual state of things, or the right mode of improving it, his most earnest, intensest desire was that the Church should fulfill her mission, that she should be a living power in the nation, leavening and ennobling the whole mass of the people. Every symptom, every promise of this he hailed with delight,—such as I have stated in

p. ccxii. he felt on reading Archdeacon Manning's Charge in 1843,—such as he was inspired with about the same time by his intercourse with Mr Charles Marriott, whom he met in the Isle of Wight.

The next paragraph exemplifies the danger of coining facts out of incidental expressions, especially when the coiner is not very scrupulous. “It was, doubtless (the Reviewer says, in p. 401), the boldness and speculativeness of Sterling's views, which gathered around him the friendship of a host of congenial minds, sympathizing in the general complexion of their theological and philosophical tendencies, though separated by strongly marked differences in points of detail. We only miss one name from the circle, who ought to have held a conspicuous place there; we mean Blanco White. But the names of Hare, Bunsen, Carlyle, Coleridge, Emerson, Thirlwall, Maurice, Francis Newman, John Mill, Samuel Wilberforce, Arnold, and Trench, are familiar to all the readers of this work as the friends and associates of Mr Sterling,—the subjects of his warmest admiration and deepest sympathies.” The purpose of this statement, as of the whole article, is to make out that there has been, and is, a kind of confederacy and conspiracy against the Faith, in which all the persons here named are more or less implicated, and to render each one of them in great measure responsible for whatever of error the Reviewer can detect, or fancy he detects, in all the rest. Sterling's life, he says, “reveals a link between writings and doctrines, which we mentally class together almost involuntarily, notwithstanding their differences in many points, but which we could hitherto only connect by their tendencies. In Sterling's life however these various systems are brought together as parts and off-shoots of one great

movement, each playing its part, and allied by secret ties of sympathy with the rest." I will not stop to talk about such rank nonsense as *mentally classing* writings and doctrines together *almost involuntarily*. The Reviewer indeed does so; and therefore his whole article is a mass of confusion. An "almost involuntary" classification, with regard to such things, is a mere medley. The only one of any value must be intelligent, must proceed on distinct grounds, carefully examined and ascertained. But his whole fabric is imaginary. Several of the persons mentioned were not even among Sterling's friends. What was more natural than that he should occasionally see persons who were intimate friends of mine, and should mention them in writing to me? Thus he twice met the Chevalier Bunsen, once, I believe, officially, when applying for a passport. With Bishop Thirlwall he had a very slight acquaintance, though a warm admirer of his writings. Arnold, with all his admiration for that great man's heroic energy, if I am not mistaken, he never saw. Bishop Wilberforce, I believe, was only known to him by a few casual meetings in general London society. The only ground for the introduction of his name into the list is the mention of him in the letter just quoted. Sterling, in writing to Mr Trench, who at the time was Curate of Alverstoke under Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce, having doubtless heard some account from him of the good his Rector was doing in his Parish, gave utterance to the thankfulness he always felt, whenever he saw earnestness and conscientious activity; and therefore Bishop Wilberforce is brought in to figure in this antichristian conspiracy. The motive for the insinuation is, that the Reviewer may afterward fabricate a connexion between him and the persons who took

part in resisting the agitation excited by the appointment of the Bishop of Hereford. He has a singular faculty of seeing what is not, a faculty which seldom goes along with the more valuable one of seeing what is.

It is true, he acknowledges more than once, that there are wide differences of view "in details, and even on points of the highest importance" (p. 436), among the various members of this School, as he calls it. "But still (he says) there was a profound sympathy between them, a consciousness of general oneness of tendency amidst all their contradictions in detail." The characteristic of this School he conceives "to consist simply in the striving after intellectual liberty, a tendency to reject all which does not commend itself to the individual reason as right and true, a tendency to resist *authority*, of whatever nature it may be, which interposes any restraint on the freedom of speculation." Now if there is any meaning in these words, as expressing a quality common to the various persons, whom, in spite of many great diversities and oppositions, the Reviewer has ranged together as members of the same School, it must be that we all seek, or desire, according to our ability, to seek, Truth and Justice in all things, and above all things,—that we cannot sacrifice our reason and our conscience to empty forms and lifeless conventions,—that we cannot bow down to any Baal whom public opinion may set up, even though his house should be full from one end to the other,—that we cannot recognise any great value in a belief, unless it be a living faith,—and that the desire of our hearts is, that men should live, as alone they can truly live, by faith. Of some of the writers mentioned I know very little: but those I am most familiar with have this spirit in common; and, to judge from what

I have heard, and from the little I know of the others, the chief of them seem to be animated by a like spirit ; notwithstanding the enormous difference, that to some has been vouchsafed a far clearer insight than to others into that living Truth, which came down from heaven to satisfy all the cravings and yearnings of the human mind, and without which those cravings can never be stilled, without which man must ever be preyed upon by unappeasable desires. If this be our School, of which we shall all readily acknowledge ourselves to be the most unworthy members, members by desires and longings and feeble aspirations, not by actual attainment, then is it the same School to which all the great and the wise have belonged in all ages, from Solon and Aristides and Socrates down to Clarkson and Wordsworth, and the chief masters of which are the Apostle Paul, and the other chief divines in Christ's Church. O too that any of us, yea, that all of us, may mount to higher steps in that School ! that we may all be enabled to discern more and more of that living Truth, which came into the world to be the Light of the world in the midst of its natural darkness ! O that we might be enabled to gather multitudes into our School, and to transmit it unimpaired in power and glory to after generations ! To that end, among other things, may we never cease to strive, with inextinguishable hatred, against that evil spirit, which upholds the interests of its own party, without regard, and often in opposition to Truth and Justice : and when we are waging battle against error, may we do so, not with anathemas or legal penalties, but with the arms of Reason and of Love. To the Reviewer it seems strange that I should have "stept forth as the apologist of Dr Hampden, who is of a different

school in some respects ;” as though that were to cost me a single moment’s consideration, when it became my duty to act in a matter of simple justice. “ Thus again (he adds), Mr Maurice steps forth to remonstrate against any censure on Mr Ward’s doctrines, the very opposite of his own.” To this sentence he subjoins a mark of admiration at such portentous impartiality. His mind is so cribbed and cabined by party-spirit, that he cannot conceive how a person should be animated with a desire of justice toward any one who differs from him in opinion, nay, should watch over his conduct with severer jealousy when there are such temptations to lead him astray,—how he should deprecate the trial of any culprit by a tribunal, over which, he knew, this party-spirit would exercise such sway. He cannot understand how you may be indignant against detraction and slander, from whatever side it may proceed, and whoever may be its object. Of course he cannot understand this. If he did, he would have thrown his article into the fire, or rather could never have written it.

A curious instance of the manner in which he tries to implicate a man’s friends in his errors, occurs in p. 402. He there quotes the passage in which, after speaking of Sterling’s college friendships, especially with Mr Trench and Mr Maurice, I state that, “ with the help of the latter, he gradually emancipated himself from that corrupt and cramping system of opinions in philosophy and taste, which he had brought with him to college :” and immediately after these words he asks, “ Are we to understand that the *negative* views, of which Mr Hare speaks, were shared by Mr Sterling’s friends ?” What can well exceed the malignity of this insinuation ? for which there is not the shadow of a ground, and which flies in the teeth of my

statement that Mr Maurice was Sterling's chief helper in his emancipation from those negative views. Has the Reviewer no friends, except those who hold the selfsame bundle of dry chips by way of opinions? Can he not conceive friendship existing without such an agreement?

Throughout the article he shews an especial desire to involve Mr Maurice in the offensive opinions which he ascribes to the other members of the supposed School, by lugging in quotations which may seem in any way, however remotely, to express a somewhat similar train of thought. Why he has done this, may be divined, when, on coming to the end of the article, we find a retraction of a charge which had been made against Mr Maurice in the preceding number of the Review, with the same levity and disregard of truth so conspicuous in this,—a retraction however unaccompanied by a single word of regret or apology for having given vent to a groundless calumny. The necessity of making this meagre, unmanly retraction, which will be found further on to have been compulsory, has not unnaturally provoked an ungenerous mind to console itself by trying to attach other stigmas to Mr Maurice; though the imputations are entirely at variance with the whole body of principles openly and boldly and continually inculcated in his numerous works.

In fact this is the purpose which led the Reviewer to string together the list of names quoted above, as it is of the whole article. He wanted to make a violent attack upon certain persons, among whom Mr Maurice and I are the chief objects of his animosity. He wanted to accuse me of infidelity, to hold me up to public abhorrence as a teacher whose covert purpose is to propagate infidelity; and he also wanted to bring in Mr Maurice as in

some way or other an accessory in this crime. Doubtless too, if he could drag us to the stake, he would seize the torch and kindle it. This is the light in which he would have people see truth, a light supplying the warmth which his doctrines have not in themselves. In this spirit he says in p. 409, "We feel perfectly satisfied that,—if such writers, for instance, as Sterling or Hare were to throw their whole strength into the cause of infidelity, backt by the Rationalistic theology of Germany, the result of the struggle would be only fatal to themselves and their theories. Let them only speak out distinctly enough at once; and the matter will, we believe, be soon brought to a close in the discomfiture of the antagonists of faith. There is much to lament in the condition of England; but it is not yet prepared to part with Christianity, or to hold it only as a better species of Heathenism,—a philosophy,—a mere fabrication of the human mind." As my dear friend is removed far away from the region of these controversies, this malignant blustering must be aimed at me: and so it must needs be understood by every reader, even by those who, knowing something of my writings, must be aware how shamelessly false it is. What does the Reviewer mean by talking of my throwing my whole strength into the cause of infidelity? How dares he apply such language to me? Has he quoted a single sentence from any of my writings which can afford the shadow of a plea for such an allegation? Not one. It is true, he does not charge me with having done so. He only puts the case hypothetically, with a malice worthy of an Iago,—*If I should do so*. Of whom does he say this? Of a clergyman,—can he be a brother clergyman?—of one who holds a high office in the Church,—of one who has been

publishing a considerable number of works on religious and ecclesiastical subjects in the last ten years? Are the contents of those works,—is their tone,—is their spirit,—such as to afford any ground for a suspicion that the writer is likely to throw his whole strength, or rather his whole weakness, into the cause of infidelity? The two chief of my writings are *the Victory of Faith*, and *the Mission of the Comforter*. Do not the very titles of those two works repel the Reviewer's insinuations? Or does he mean that the whole of these works from the title to the colophon is a mere tissue of lies, a mask put on by one whose real secret desire and design are to subvert the faith which he preaches? Or has he no meaning at all? and did he merely wish to throw dirt, knowing that, when it is pelted at a person by a ragamuffin in the street, some of it is sure to stick, if it be but foul enough?

Nor does this insinuation stand alone. Others follow it in subsequent parts of the article, no way inferior in malignity. Thus he says in p. 419, "We gather from some parts of Mr Hare's book,—that Mr Hare himself, at least, does not embrace Mr Carlyle's positive creed on the subject of Pantheism, though he speaks strangely enough of the FASCINATION of Pantheistic tendencies." Here again Iago shews his hoof. I am a minister of Christ's Church in this land. Every Sunday, in the presence of the assembled congregation, and in the sight of God, I pronounce the Apostles Creed and the Nicene, and offer up prayers to the Father through the Son: yet the Reviewer tells the world that he gathers from some parts of my Memoir of Sterling, that I do not embrace a positive belief in Pantheism. Again I ask, does not the very title of the work which he has set at the head of his article, *the*

Mission of the Comforter, refute this calumnious insinuation? I will not stoop to cite any passages in disproof of it: else the first paragraph of the Preface would suffice.

But I have spoken of *the fascination* of Pantheism: and the Reviewer, to denote his horror, prints this word in capitals, which, along with italics, form his strongest arguments, and the most pungent ingredients in his style. Of course, according to his conception of Pantheism, as “a theory which recognises the Deity in every brute, in all matter, however loathsome or offensive to the senses, or even in men polluted with crimes and impurities” (p. 410), one cannot wonder that he is unable to understand how it should exercise any fascination, or that he should exclaim, “Surely fatuity never appeared in a more repulsive and ridiculous form than this!” Yet the fact unquestionably is, as the whole history of speculation has proved, that Pantheism has exercised a wonderful fascination on the profoundest and subtilest intellects that have devoted themselves to philosophy, from the earliest schools of Greece to the most recent of Germany. Nay, even among great Christian divines, as we see especially among the mystics, many have only been able to resist the intellectual fascination of Pantheism through the living faith which animated them. Many have been perpetually hovering on the brink of it; not a few have fallen lower. When we have taken the measure of the Reviewer’s ignorance on speculative subjects, we shall not wonder that he should be ignorant of all this. Rather should one wonder that he should deem himself entitled to talk about Pantheism, unless one remembered that knowledge is always requisite, in order to know one’s own ignorance, and that ignorance, in

proportion as it is ignorant of other things, is above all ignorant of itself.

A like recklessness is manifested in p. 414, where he says, " Mr Hare remarks very correctly, that the criticism of this writer (Strauss), which eats away *all* the facts of Christianity, must undermine all its essential doctrines ; and this sufficiently accounts for the repugnance which he manifests to receive the doctrines of this remarkable work." Hereby he plainly insinuates that, were it not for this objection, I should not be unwilling to give up the facts of Christianity ; and this he does, without alledging a single word I have ever written, to support his malignant insinuation, without ever thinking of looking into any of my writings on such subjects, which, from first to last, give the lie to his impudent calumny ; the temper of my mind having always led me to dwell with peculiar fondness on the facts of the Sacred History. He is not aware of this, it is plain : he merely flings about his slanderous insinuations at random : but this hardly lessens his guilt.

The same purpose dictated the title placed at the head of the article. By every paltry trick, no matter how fraudulent, the Reviewer has set himself to excite the suspicion, the jealousy, the fear, the abhorrence of his readers against me, and, though in a less measure, against Mr Maurice also. For that we are the chief culprits arraigned, no reader of the article can well doubt. Several other writers are indeed brought in by the way, but mainly in order that the criminality of the errors imputed to them may fall upon us. We on the other hand are the objects of continual attacks : we are kept before the reader throughout : and the concluding denunciation is manifestly aimed at us, more especially at me. " It is time

(the Reviewer there says) for all whose faith remains firm and deeply rooted, to look with distrust on any man who recommends the study of a Theology tainted by incurable scepticism. It is time to resist, and to denounce, those who would thus, in vanity or in treason, undermine our *faith*. As it is, all such men are under the influence of public opinion; they *fear* it. They *know* that the national mind of England is strongly adverse to their views. They know the principles of the clergy as a body; and they are fearful of provoking a strong reaction. The advocates of the Christian faith, as we have received it from the beginning, have therefore only to unmask, and to hold up to the public condemnation, the sentiments of all who are directly or indirectly promoting the subversion of religion." Now, ludicrously, monstrously, wickedly false and slanderous as such words are in reference to my beloved friend and brother, Frederic Maurice, and,—I call God to witness,—to me also, there is no other person spoken of in the article, to whom the Reviewer can be conceived to have meant to apply them. He cannot be speaking of Sterling, or Coleridge, or Arnold, or Blanco White; for he is evidently speaking of the living. He cannot be speaking of the Chevalier Bunsen; for he is speaking of Englishmen. Nor can he be speaking of Mr Carlyle; for he is speaking of writers on theology. He may have other unnamed persons in his eye; but we are manifestly selected as the representatives and leaders of the noxious School; and on us the wrath of our countrymen is invoked. We are the persons whom he charges with the guilt of undermining the faith of the English Church, "in vanity or in treason." What he means by the word *vanity* here,—and he repeats it in a like position in two or three other places,—it is hard to

guess ; unless it be a proof of vanity to have entered upon a field of study, on which the Reviewer, it is plain, has never set foot. The meaning of *treason* is clear enough ; and, unless the whole passage has been instigated by the Father of lies, it is no more than we should deserve.

Now, when a man who has any sense of honour, or even of honesty, utters such words, he will also bring forward proofs to establish them, to shew that there is a warrant for suspecting us of such diabolical wickedness. Seeing that we are writers, and are denounced as such, he will seek the proofs in our writings. This however the Reviewer does not ; and he does it not, because he cannot. *Every man shall bear his own burthen*, is the rule of Divine Justice, and that to which human Justice endeavours to approach. This rule however the Reviewer defies ; and his whole article is a gross violation of it. He charges us, not with our own sins, but with a mass of evil which he conjures up from the writings of our friends ; and in framing the list of these he proceeds, in some cases on very slight grounds, in others on none. Of the persons enumerated as Sterling's friends, several are among those whom I most love and revere, and whose friendship I count among the chief blessings of my life. With some of them I have only a slight acquaintance, with some none at all. In opinion I concur more or less with some of them : to that which is peculiar in the views of others I have rarely exprest anything but repugnance, either directly, or implicitly, by contending for truths which they seem to me to disparage or to overlook. But, whether I concur with them, or differ from them, I must protest from the outset against the practice of holding a person responsible for any opinions, except such as he has distinctly avowed, not even

for what may appear to be their legitimate consequences. Logically indeed these consequences may fairly be urged against him, to shew the fallaciousness of his premisses, but not morally; for who can tell whether, if he had been distinctly aware of these consequences, he might not have been led thereby to reconsider, and perhaps to reject, the premisses? This protest I make the more confidently, because more than once, in my Charges, I have earnestly exhorted my brother Clergy to keep watch over themselves, lest they should be tempted to follow the habit, which has been so sadly prevalent of late years, of imputing the guilt of all the extravagances, into which any person connected with what is called the Tractarian party might be led, to the whole body, even to those who deplored, and were striving to repress these errors.

But there is a further step in the art of detraction, which the Reviewer may boast of as his special invention. The mixture he had been able to extract from those whom he called Sterling's friends and associates, was not deadly enough: so he drags in Blanco White, for the sake of pouring the damning drops of poison into the caldron. He had remarkt significantly in p. 401, that "we miss one name from the circle, who ought to have held a conspicuous place there; we mean Blanco White." He would not however let it continue missing: Blanco White, as well as Sterling, had written in *the London Review*: he had received some letters from Coleridge: *ergo*, the weight of Blanco White's errors, though he was a total stranger to Sterling, is chargeable on all Sterling's friends. This procedure however after all is borrowed from the Inquisition. If you have not exprest such an opinion, some friend of yours has, or some acquaintance, or some friend or acquaintance of

one of your friends or acquaintances, or some one of whom you have spoken kindly, or some one whom you have quoted; and you have not informed against him and denounced him: therefore you are guilty of it yourself. In the name of Truth and Righteousness, let all honest men combine to cast this spirit out of the Church.

In mixing up his potion for the public, the Reviewer's ignorance throws some ingredients into the caldron, his obtuseness of apprehension others, while the main part are mere falsehoods. Thus, in p. 411, he quotes a passage in which Sterling speaks of Schleiermacher's Discourse at the grave of his son, and remarks, that it is richer in imagery than his usual style, adding, "You see Schleiermacher opens with images; and the style then runs smoother and more equably; and such, I think, is the natural course of passion. I cannot but connect this with the bursts of fact-imagery and phenomenal wonders at the first crash of each of the great epochs of Revelation. If this makes you laugh, I do not know that it will have done any harm." Hereupon the Reviewer exclaims, "We own ourselves to be in no small degree surprised at the estimate which Sterling had evidently formed of his correspondent, whom he supposed capable of treating as a matter of levity, a sentiment which distinctly resolves the facts and miracles of the Bible into imagery supplied by an excited imagination. We are equally surprised at the publication of this correspondence by Mr Hare.—We might at first sight almost infer that Sterling understood the temperament and the views of his tutor, when he supposed that such speculations would make him laugh; but we believe that the real object of the editor was simply to extenuate the faults of the subject of his memoir." How my publishing this letter was to do

this, if the Reviewer's interpretation be correct, it requires his illogicalness to explain. So too, in that case, would it have been an almost inconceivable act of folly in me to have printed this letter, thus "unmasking" myself as a mocker and scoffer. Strangely moreover has he misapprehended the exceeding delicacy and refinement of Sterling's mind, in supposing that he would have insulted a friend and a clergyman with such a jest. But the whole accusation is grounded solely on a gross blunder, which might have been excusable, if the Reviewer had not just before quoted the following passage from the same letter: "I am far from denying the possibility that, in the earliest times, and especially at the great epoch of the constitution of a Monotheistic nation, all things may have been in a more outward state, and connected themselves necessarily with more visible manifestations of the spiritual system around us and within us." What great mischief is implied, if Sterling supposed that I might laugh at the somewhat extravagant analogy, which he had drawn between imagery, as the language of passion, and miraculous acts, as the expression of the power of Faith at the critical epochs in the history of Religion?

In p. 406 the Reviewer adopts the practice, so common among those who take pleasure in hunting down heretics, of perverting the meaning of extracts, by garbling them. He transcribes the following words from the conclusion of my Memoir: "We cannot arrest the winds or the waves; nor can we arrest the blasts and tides of thought. These too blow and roll where they list. We may indeed employ them both; but to turn them to account we must suffer ourselves to be impelled and borne along by them." Here he stops, omitting the concluding

words of the sentence,—“ without fainting at the thought of the perils we may have to encounter, and in the hope that, with the help of our heavenly compass, we may render those tumultuous elements subservient to the good of mankind.” Why he omitted these words, becomes plain a few lines after ; for he could not otherwise have said, as he does, that I “ deem it expedient to be impelled and borne along by the blasts and tides of thought, *even if they are infidel in their character.*” The words extracted are indefinite, and might be written by a Christian, or by a mere worshiper of humanity and of human progress. The words omitted determine the meaning of the others in a sense directly contrary to the slander he wishes to cast upon me ; and therefore honest Iago omits them.

Of course I shall not be tempted by the Reviewer’s defiance to enter into a discussion on the inspiration of the Scriptures. He fancies that the only reason why those who cannot adopt the popular view on the subject, do not straightway promulgate another view, is personal fear. Having his own opinions ready cut and dried, as he received them from his teachers, he cannot conceive why others should find any difficulty in the formation and exposition of theirs on this mysterious and delicate subject. He does not understand how they should hesitate to bring forward what they feel to be immature and imperfect, nor how they should shrink from the shock it would be to many pious persons, if they were led to doubt the correctness of their notions concerning the plenary inspiration of every word in the Bible. I heard, not long ago, of a person who declared that, if a single date in the Scriptures were proved to be inaccurate, his whole faith in Christianity would fall to the ground. Poor man ! what must be the

worth of such faith? How much less must it be than a grain of mustard-seed! It will never remove mountains, nor even mole-hills. But, though this is an extreme case, it has been seen again and again,—for instance, at the establishment of the Copernican system, and recently on occasion of the modern discoveries in Geology,—that many persons are sorely troubled, when the conviction is forced upon them, that the Bible was never meant to be an infallible encyclopedia of all science. Through our deplorable want of a theological education, such views are very common, not merely with the unlearned, but even among our clergy; and no right-minded man will speak on this matter, without a deep feeling of the responsibility, which, as Dr Pusey truly says, “ought to accompany every syllable spoken or written on a subject so important.” The very judicious argument on this topic in the fifth Chapter of the second Part of Dr Pusey’s Reply to Mr Rose sufficiently proves that different views concerning the nature and extent of inspiration have been held in divers ages of the Church, even by the most orthodox divines, and that such differences are no way subversive of the faith, or even injurious to it. Nay, far more serious danger is to be apprehended from the attempt to uphold an erroneous view, when a general conviction of its untenableness is gaining ground. In such cases distrust is apt to extend from the erroneous adjunct to the truth with which it is connected. Though Dr Pusey has since retracted his work, his arguments, and the authorities he cites, are as strong as ever.

On another point, with regard to which the Reviewer might be expected to be more at home, his views are strangely confused. One might have supposed that he would at all events have known something about the great

ecclesiastical controversies of our times, and of the age of the Reformation: yet he seems to have no conception of the difference between the idea of the Christian Ministry and that of the Priesthood. Hence he deems it a “comical inconsistency” in the Chevalier Bunsen, that, while on the strength of St Peter’s declaration, and of that in the Revelation, he follows Luther in asserting the Universal Priesthood of all Christians, he should yet be desirous of establishing a Ministry of Bishops and Presbyters in the Prussian Church. With a similar confusion he accuses me, in p. 441, of having indulged in “attacks (we cannot call them anything else) upon Episcopacy”; a somewhat strange accusation against a person, who, in his Charges year after year, has been strenuously urging the desirableness of a large increase in our Episcopate. If the Reviewer had attended to what he read, he would have perceived that the object of my repeated attacks is not Episcopacy,—which I have always held to be the best form of Church-government,—but the hateful antichristian notion, which has been broacht so often of late years, but which was disclaimed by our best divines in former ages, that Episcopacy is an indispensable condition to the existence of a Christian Church, nay, even to the power of the Word and of the Sacraments, so that they who are not living in an episcopal Church, have no portion in Christ, and are left, like the Heathens, to the uncovenanted mercies of God. The Reviewer complains immediately after of what he calls my “pernicious hint that Episcopal ordination in England was not required by law till long after the Reformation.” *Pernicious* might seem a strange epithet, as applied to the mere statement of a fact on the authority of Clarendon, which might be supported by many others. If the statement is

incorrect, let it be corrected; if not, how can it be pernicious? The epithet however has a meaning: for history is pernicious, truth is pernicious, to all narrow, arbitrary, exclusive systems in religion, as in every other province of human thought or action.

The only remaining topic, which seems to require notice, is the accusation urged against me on account of what I have done, or rather what the Reviewer asserts that I have done, to promote the study of German Theology. This accusation is brought forward over and over again, with continually increasing fierceness, until all faithful Christians are called upon, in the passage already quoted from the conclusion, to resist and to denounce those who would thus "in vanity or in treason undermine our *faith*."

Here let us begin by considering what the fact actually is,—a consideration of some importance in determining whether a person is innocent or guilty, but which the Reviewer wholly disregards. Finding that actual facts are pernicious, he fabricates such as he thinks will suit his purpose. After speaking of what he calls my "attacks upon Episcopacy," he proceeds: "These, though important matters in themselves, are infinitely less so than the deliberate and persevering efforts of this writer to promote the study of theological systems which are deeply tainted with heresy and infidelity. The danger and the criminality of such a course is in no degree diminished by the fact, that Mr Hare is himself careful to avow his belief in the divinity of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and other cardinal doctrines of Christianity. (Here again Iago's hoof comes out. The reader is led to infer that I just take care to guard myself from the suspicion of not holding the doctrines, which I am deliberately and perseveringly undermining.) — On such

men as Mr Hare rests the responsibility of having assiduously fostered that taste, which is now being gratified by the publication of English translations of Strausses *Leben Jesu*, Jean Paul, Fichte, Neander's *Life of Christ*, and other mischievous publications of the same kind." Now one thing at all events is plain : the cause must be prior to the effect. If it is through my act and deed that the taste for German Theology, which is now seeking food in translations of infidel works, has been produced, my deliberate and persevering efforts to promote the study of German Theology must have preceded these translations, and the taste which they fostered. But did they? The Reviewer never thought of asking himself this question. The first work in which I have spoken concerning the merits of German theology, in which I have done anything to promote its study, is the Volume of Notes to *the Mission of the Comforter* ; and that was published in June, 1846. There may be some half a dozen incidental allusions to German divines, and quotations from them, in some of my earlier writings ; but that is all. When I call to mind how much I owe to some of the great divines of Germany, I feel almost surprised, and half ashamed, that I should have allowed so long a period of my life to pass away without attempting to correct the erroneous and ignorant notions on German Theology, so prevalent in England, the disgraceful confusion of that which is good in it, with that which is really evil. The Reviewer will doubtless ascribe this delay to that fear of public opinion, and of the Oxford movement, which he imputes to me in pp. 443 and 437. The simple reason is, that the notes on *the Mission of the Comforter* are the first work in which I have laid anything like a theological disquisition before the world ; at least with the

exception of an anonymous Pamphlet, which my brother published five and twenty years ago, in answer to an attack on the Resurrection of our Lord, and in which he inserted a little essay of mine defending the authenticity of the Gospels against the vulgar infidel objections. Such being the state of the case, the power of my writings must be almost miraculous, if all this taste for German Theology has sprung up, and fructified so abundantly, from the publication of my Notes two years and a half ago. Many however of the English translations were prior. When that of Strauss was published I know not. I heard rumours of it several years ago; and I happen to have a letter from the late Mr Rose, written in April 1836, telling me, “T. says that from two foreign booksellers he finds that they have sold a large number of copies of Strauss; and Black and Armstrong said that they had had five several offers of translations.” Doubtless the Reviewer will reply that this zeal to translate such an infidel work sprang from the taste for German Theology, which was to be fostered by the Notes to *the Mission of the Comforter*. Though these were not published till ten years after, why should not coming books also “cast their shadows before?”

Hence whatever of demerit, or of merit, is connected with the introduction of German Theology into England, is due to others, and not to me. Perhaps I ought to have taken part in the controversies on the subject earlier; but the unwillingness to obtrude my notions on public observation, until I had acquired a fuller acquaintance with that Theology, prevented me. Mr Hugh Rose and Dr Pusey did infinitely more to draw men’s minds in that direction than I did,—the former, by a somewhat inconsiderate attack, founded on a hasty, superficial glance

over an immense field of literature, — the tendency of prohibitions and invectives having mostly been to whet the very appetite they would repress, ever since man ate the forbidden fruit,—and Dr Pusey, by his very judicious, calm, and learned apology. To Mr Henry Rose too belongs the merit of having rendered the name of Neander honoured in England; of whose *Life of Jesus* I know little, having merely consulted it occasionally to look at his interpretation of particular passages; but whose *History of the Christian Religion*, though of course not faultless, as no work on such a subject can be, is among the most precious books of modern times, bringing out the manifold expressions of Christian faith and life, in all ages and under all forms of the Church, in the spirit of truth and of love. In such matters however individuals only act under an impulse which cannot be resisted or evaded. If Dr Pusey and the two Roses had not done their work, it would have been done by others; and the five proposals for a translation of Strauss, so soon after the publication of the original, shew how little good is to be done by the most vehement denunciations.

Another count of the same indictment occurs in p. 423. “The German philosophers and writers on religious subjects (we cannot bear to call them theologians) such as Kant, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Strauss, Nitzsch, Neander, Paulus, &c., were especial objects of admiration to Blanco White, just as they were to Coleridge, and to his disciples, Mr Hare and Mr Sterling.” This strange jumble of names, while it demonstrates the Reviewer’s chaotic ignorance of German philosophy and theology, and the proneness so often found in connexion with ignorance to bark at every stranger, bears witness also of still worse faults, of which we have

already seen too many proofs. Among the seven writers here named, five stand in the high places of literature, and in various ways have deserved and received a crown. But, along with these five, the Reviewer, by his "almost involuntary," that is, random process of classification, ranks Strauss and Paulus, and asserts that these also are "especial objects of my admiration." Now not only is this utterly false, but the Reviewer himself well knew that it was so. For a few pages back, in p. 407, he writes thus: "Does not the warning which Mr Hare gives in condemning the perusal of Strausses *Life of Jesus* apply equally to the German Theology in general? 'If we walk through mire, some of it will stick to us, even when we have no other aim than to make our way through it, much more when we dabble about in it, and sift it.' Such too must be the case with those who pass through any sort of moral mire." The Reviewer first quotes these words for the sake of condemning a literature, of which, it is manifest from the whole article, he knows nothing; and then, a few pages after thus perverting their meaning, he has the audacity to assert that Strauss is an "especial object of my admiration." So too, as we saw in p. 20, had he spoken of my "repugnance to receive the doctrines of this remarkable work," when he thought he could turn this repugnance into a matter of accusation against me. To see the name of Paulus among my favorites surprised me even more. For he is a writer toward whom I have always entertained an intense, intolerant disgust, having been revolted by his shallowness, vanity, and presumption, whenever I have lookt into his writings. Even in my Brother's Pamphlet mentioned above, I gave utterance to this disgust five and twenty years ago; and, having

been led to mention him in two places,—I have no recollection of any others,—in the Notes to *the Mission of the Comforter*, in one (p. 481) I say, speaking of his exposition of John vii. 38, as compared with that of Noesselt, Rosenmüller, and Kuinoel, that “there is small choice of rotten apples.” In the other passage, p. 922, having referred to the *Life of Jesus* by Paulus, I add, “if indeed it be allowable to cite books which belong to the reptile order of literature.” The former of these passages at least must, I think, have fallen under the Reviewer’s eye; for he has made several references to the remarks on German Theology in the next three or four pages. Yet he asserts that Paulus also is one of the “especial objects of my admiration.” Have I not much reason to fear that this Letter will induce him to rank himself also amongst them?

From the whole article it is evident, as I have said already, that the writer knows nothing of the theologians and the theology he is reviling. There is no indication of his being able to read their language; and even with the translations which have been published, his acquaintance is very scanty. Hence it is natural that he should be exceedingly angry at my presumption in reprehending the practice, so disgracefully prevalent, of unscrupulously condemning and railing at German Theology, with little, if any, knowledge of it. To me, I confess, it has always seemed that a careful examination of the subject matter is an indispensable preliminary to pronouncing judgement upon it: but this notion gives such offense in England, and is so abhorrent to the procedure of our writers on theology, that one might almost suspect it must be a German heresy. At all events the Reviewer, it

is plain, feels that to trench upon the privileges of Ignorance is a personal injury and insult.

Such being the value of his criticisms, I will not say anything further about the various writers whom he carps and sneers and growls at, some of whom he rebukes me for praising, while with regard to others my sin consists in mixing censure with my praise, or praise with my censure, and not condemning them summarily and sweepingly on the mere score of their being Germans. But I must make an exception in behalf of Olshausen, whose *Commentary on the New Testament* is a truly precious work, fitted to be of the greatest use to our English students of divinity; as has been acknowledged to me by a number of pious clergymen, with affectionate gratitude for having been led to his rich spiritual banquet, after being half starved on the meagreness and dryness of our common English exegetical Theology. That this excellent work should be reprobated by your Reviewer, will not disturb any one, as he manifestly knows nothing about it, and merely abuses it in order that his abuse may glance off upon me. But in this instance he follows the authority of a writer in *the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* for last December, though exaggerating and distorting the observations which he repeats; whereby that which was already incorrect and unfair, becomes utterly false and unjust.

When one examines the censures, which, even in these days, are scattered about in our religious literature concerning German Theology, one might almost fancy that our writers must be visited with a judicial blindness, whenever they touch upon that theme. Nor would such a suspicion be far from the mark. For what is judicial blindness, except that which we bring upon ourselves by our own

sin? If we choose to walk in the dark through an unknown region, we are sure to stray and to stumble; and if we strike out our arms and kick out at every step against imaginary monsters, we shall soon slip and lie sprawling on the ground. If we persist presumptuously in pronouncing judgement on a province of literature, with which we have no acquaintance, or a very slender one, our ignorance will revenge itself upon us by leading us into all manner of blunders. But would not the same thing happen to a sciolist who took up a book in any department of physical science? Would he not be startled perpetually by something strange, by something which to his preconceived notions seemed absurd? Would not a person fare likewise, if, without any preparation, he were to pick up a treatise on logic, and to conceive that he was entitled to condemn as nonsense, whatever he could not immediately understand? Such ebullitions of presumptuous folly would be frequent, were it not that in physical science, and in logic, there is a more palpable line of demarcation between ignorance and knowledge, and that he who has not mastered the elements, is precluded from advancing further. But in theology it is otherwise. There is such an intimate connexion between theology and religion, that, all persons being bound to have a certain amount of religious knowledge, people easily slide into the assumption that they are also possessors of theological knowledge, and that they are qualified to pronounce upon the profoundest and most intricate theological questions, without previous discipline or study. It is true, the profoundest problems of theology are involved in the simplest religious acts: Theology exists implicitly in Religion. But so are the laws of the universe involved in our simplest physical acts: yet we do not

conceive that everybody is therefore to have a voice in questions of physical science. Science repudiates universal suffrage; and so does Theology. I am not hereby exalting Theology above Religion: far from it. The true worth and dignity of man, as well as his true happiness, consist, not in what he knows, but in what he does, or rather, in what he is. His knowledge is only precious, so far as it feeds and ministers to his Christian life; even as his actions themselves are only precious, so far as they are the expressions of that life, which, like all life, is strengthened by its appropriate activity. Still does the Son give thanks to the Father, that the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven are revealed to babes, and that the wise and prudent can only receive them by becoming like babes. If to the natural eye the wise and prudent may seem to have advantages, these are far more than counterbalanced by the difficulties and perplexities which increase of knowledge brings with it, as well as by the perilous temptation to count knowledge the highest of all things, and to substitute it for the realities of Christian life and action. On the other hand, while the fulness of a Christian life may exist with a very small amount of knowledge, and though, when it does exist, its constant tendency is to purify and refine the intellectual, as well as the moral part of our nature, yet it will not of itself fit us for passing judgement on theological questions. Rather will it refrain from meddling with that in which it knows itself to be incompetent; and, in the assurance that it has everything in its faith, it will not be troubled by questions lying beyond the bounds of that faith. But where the Christian life is imperfect, it is unable to subdue the self-sufficiency of our nature. Where Faith is weak, it clings to all manner of artificial

supports, and is disturbed and irritated when any of its props are removed, when any of its easy cushions are taken from under it. Hence, this being the ordinary state of the religious, there is ever a proneness among them to step beyond their proper limits, and to pronounce a condemnation hastily and angrily, from wanting the calmness which a well-grounded assurance alone can give, against everything that seems at variance with their narrow, and often arbitrary notions.

I have made these remarks, because it has so often fallen to my lot of late years to have to expose a series of gross misrepresentations in matters pertaining to theology. The multitude of such misrepresentations in these days is quite perplexing and distressing, and almost compels one to look with distrust on every quotation one meets with, while it tempts one to fear that the faculty, either of perceiving truth, or of speaking it, must be passing away from England, at least from our theological writers. Doubtless too there is a great moral, as well as intellectual obliquity involved in this defect. There is a want of candour toward those who differ from us, a rash haste in snatching at anything that seems to flatter our prejudices, a carelessness and sluggishness in the pursuit of truth, an indifference about truth, except so far as it is subservient to our preconceived notions, or to the interests of our party: all these and the other modes of party-spirit have eaten wofully into the heart of the English people, and have drawn it away from the pure contemplation and love of truth. But on the other hand there is also the want of a severe intellectual discipline, of a logical and dialectical and critical training to qualify us for separating truth from error, and for discerning truth under its manifold forms, and in the midst of

all its accidental accompaniments,—the habit of confounding and identifying the form with the essence, which leads us to assert the indispensableness of our own forms, and to deny the essence, when it manifests itself under other forms. All these habits, whether moral or intellectual, help to explain the exceeding frequency of misrepresentations among our writers on theological and ecclesiastical subjects; more especially when we take into account, that our Religious Journals hold out an inducement to every ignoramus to become a writer, and to bray his ignorance in the ears of a credulous, and weak, and therefore easily terrified public. Thus a writer in *the Irish Journal* for this month, though confessing that he knows nothing of Olshausen, beyond the extracts in the previous number of that Journal, insists, even in spite of a protest by the collector of those extracts, that he has a right to class Olshausen with Strauss, whom he supposes to have attained “the climax of anti-christian literature.” Of course, knowing nothing of either, he can see no difference between them. But is it not marvellous that a person, who may possibly be an honest, and even a religious man, after a fashion, should think he can serve the cause of Christian truth, by uttering such a heinous accusation against a divine, of whom he avowedly knows nothing, except that he is held in very high esteem by those who are acquainted with him? Yet, alas! even such a rude bray may awaken an echo, yea, many.

A considerable part of the objections to Olshausen urged in *the Irish Journal*, and taken from thence by your Reviewer, relate to an Essay on the Canon of the New Testament, which the Translator has prefixed to the *Commentary*. This Essay, with which I was not

previously acquainted, seems to be written in the same excellent spirit which distinguishes the work it precedes. Still there are divers things in it which may easily offend such as have never paid any attention to the history of the Canon. Such persons, that is, the great body of Christians,—including the main part of those who adorn their faith by the sanctity of their lives,—are apt to suppose that the Books of the New Testament came out much like other books, and were combined into a whole soon after their appearance. Hence they must needs be startled, if they look into any treatise on the Canon, and find how many controversies arose in the early centuries about some of the books in it, and how long a period elapsed before it was finally settled. This is a natural, and an innocent feeling. Yet on the other hand, when theologians have to treat on the Canon,—as it behoves them to do in their vocation,—and to consider the reasons which induced the Church to receive the various books in it,—they are compelled and bound to seek the truth, the exact truth, diligently, laboriously, perseveringly, with the utmost severity of criticism, holding no compromise with any kind of falsehood, suppressing nothing, colouring nothing. They are bound to do this by their responsibility to the God of Truth, who will not be served by lies. Now, when these two forms of thought meet, there cannot but be a shock. The theologian should not hasten this, should not aggravate it; but he must not shun it. So long as such discussions are confined to treatises written for the learned, these shocks will be less frequent. It is one of the mischievous effects of our periodical literature, that such questions are now brought forward as matters of talk, in every family, at every breakfast-table. But who is to

be blamed for this? Surely not the theologian, who fulfills his appointed task of seeking and declaring what approves itself to his understanding, exercised under the sacred controul of his conscience, as truth; but the journalist, who drags such matters before the vulgar eye, often for no other purpose than the gratification of some personal or party spite. Had there been a literature of the same kind of yore, what sheets full of offensive matter might have been extracted from the greatest theological works, from the *Summa* of Aquinas, or from Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*! Separate a few sentences from the context; state that as positive, which is only put hypothetically or problematically in the course of an argument; you may easily wrest treason or atheism out of the most loyal and pious writers. Thus, for instance, St Paul's words, *Then they also who are fallen asleep in Christ are perisht*, might be twisted into a denial of the Resurrection.

In like manner, if we look at the sentences which are pickt out from Olshausen's Essay by the writer in *the Irish Journal* as peculiarly offensive, in the places where they originally stand, as links in the chain of argument, and if we are at all familiar with such discussions, much of the offense, if not all, will vanish. For example, when we see the following words printed in italics,—“*Now in the whole Second Epistle of St Peter we do not find the slightest thing which can be regarded as erroneous, or as morally bad,*”—we are naturally puzzled and startled. But, when we turn to the original passage, we find that this sentence is merely a link in a chain of argument. After speaking, as he was bound to speak, of the disputes which have existed from very early times concerning the genuineness of this Epistle, and giving all the weight he

can to the positive evidence in its favour, Olshausen puts this dilemma: "Either the Epistle is genuine and apostolical; or it is not only spurious and forged, but was forged by a bold, shameless impostor; and such a person must have had an evil design in executing a forgery of the kind supposed. Now in the whole Epistle we do not find the slightest thing which can be regarded as erroneous, or as morally bad. Its contents are entirely Biblical and truly evangelical. An elevated religious spirit animates the Epistle throughout. Is it conceivable that a man actuated by this spirit can be chargeable with such a deception?" Thus the sentence objected to is nothing more than a repetition of the argument perpetually urged by the Apologists for the Bible, that, the only alternative being to believe the writers, or to assume that they are shameless impostors, the pure morality of their lives and writings must determine the scale in their favour.

Another objection urged against Olshausen is, that he "considers the history of the Gergesene demoniac to offer difficulties peculiar to itself, such as one of the Evangelists speaking of *two* such persons, and another of *one*." But is not this the fact? and is a commentator on Scripture to conceal this fact, or to slur it over? is he to do that which would be universally reprobated as dishonesty in a commentator on any heathen author? is he to take a lesson from your Reviewer in distorting and falsifying what does not suit his purpose? Is there not a difficulty in this discrepancy? a discrepancy and difficulty which have been continually noticed by critics from the time of Augustin downward,—as they could not but be by whosoever attempted to draw up a harmony of the Gospels,—and for which a variety of explanations have been suggested. This

difficulty may indeed perplex those who cling to the vulgar notion of literal inspiration, but, when we take a correcter view, is wholly immaterial. For, as we may always feel sure that truth coheres far better than error, the correction of our views on inspiration would remove a number of stumblingblocks, which now beset our students of theology, and which they cannot get over except by wilfully closing their eyes to them. Is our criticism to be brought under such bondage to an arbitrary hypothesis, that a pious commentator is to be held up to reprobation because he takes notice of the discrepancies in the Gospels? In the Church of Rome a person subjects himself to condemnation, if he dares to notice any error in the Vulgate. This practice we reprobate as Romish: but the selfsame spirit is perpetually found even in those who are loudest in railing at the Church of Rome; and they will be no less eager in condemning a person who points out any mistake, not in the Bible, but in our vulgar conception of it, in our Vulgate. This however assuredly is, as it ever has been, a tendency subversive of faith. Faith may easily coexist with much latent, unconscious error: but when we become conscious of it, we must cut it out; or the mortification will spread through the whole body. Every honest heart revolts from trickery in the service of Religion.

As to the Reviewer's assertion, that Olshausen "considers that the rationalist Paulus was probably right in considering that our Lord's directions to Peter about the tribute-money meant that he was to find the money, not in the fishes mouth, but *by selling* it!"—after which he asks, "Is this the kind of theology which Mr Hare wishes to recommend?"—it is a mere falsehood. Olshausen admits indeed that the explanation suggested by Paulus in this

instance is more plausible than in others : but he then proceeds at considerable length to refute it, though he concludes by admitting, as has often been felt, that there are difficulties of a peculiar kind connected with this miracle. Such a refutation is at all events likely to have more weight with an intelligent reader, than the Reviewer's marks of admiration and italics, even though strengthened by his customary seasoning of falsehood. That falsehood here is his own addition to what he read in *the Irish Journal*, where it is said that "Olshausen states that the explanation of Paulus 'deserves consideration ;'" where however, as in the instance before quoted, a most incorrect impression of Olshausen's note is given by the severing of what he says by way of admission in the course of argument, from the answer subjoined to it.

Still, even if the Reviewer's statement about Olshausen were not as false as it is, what right would he have to exclaim at the end of it, "Is this the kind of theology which Mr Hare wishes to recommend?"—at least unless he was prepared to shew that what he had given was a fair sample of Olshausen's Commentary? This is a favorite trick with our theological slanderers, when they cannot find enough fuel for their malignity in the writings of a person whom they desire to injure, to charge him with all the evil they can detect in any book he may happen to have commended. Yet what would be said, if some French critic were to pick out half a dozen ribald speeches from Shakspeare, and then to cry out, *Is this the poetry which all the poets and moralists of England exalt above all other works of the human mind?* Would not such a man be an impudent slanderer? Nor would his slander be less false, if his extracts from Shakspeare were correctly

transcribed, than if they were fictitious. In the Notes to *the Mission of the Comforter* I have given a multitude of examples of the kind of exegetical theology which "I wish to recommend." Is there anything among these in the slightest degree resembling the opinions which the Reviewer would impute to me? If their whole tone and spirit is totally different,—and he will not dare to assert that it is not,—his insinuation is again a gross calumny.

I trust I have sufficiently shewn the futility of the accusation of my having been a main agent in introducing and promoting the study of the infidel theology of Germany. But I am said to have had an accomplice in this work, the imputation against whom would be ludicrously absurd, if it were not revoltingly malignant. Just after the passage quoted above, in p. 30, in which I am charged with this criminal course, the Reviewer adds, "Mr Maurice must be included in the same category as Mr Hare in this respect.—He also anticipates benefits from the study of German Theology." Now what is the evidence to shew that he is a partaker in my criminality in this matter? I have often heard complaints of his having spoken too severely of German Theology; but, in his *Letters to Mr Palmer* on the Jerusalem Bishopric, he has said:—"It is not this Jerusalem bishopric which will bring us into contact, either with that which is most feeble in the Pietistic, or that which is most dangerous in the Rationalizing side of German life. That contact exists already; the commerce is established; the sea has failed to be an effectual *cordón sanitaire*: all our devices will assuredly fail also: the question is, how the intercourse may be turned to profit and not to evil. *My own conviction is, that if anything will put an end to what is most vicious in the tone of*

our modern fashionable chapel and bazaar Christianity, and at the same time will call out that which is strong and healthful in the feelings of those who have given their sanction to it, a more extended and less suspicious communion with German thoughts and feelings is likely to produce that effect.—The moment our divines begin to know what their brethren abroad have been really thinking and working at for the last eighty or a hundred years, they must begin to perceive that a merely sentimental religion of comforts and experiences, a merely social religion of coteries and circles, a merely outward religion of excitements, cannot avail in this our day. They must lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes. They must dare to encounter those awful thoughts respecting God Himself, which occupied the Church in the first ages; they must dare to ask themselves how He has constituted us in ourselves, and in relation to our fellow-men.”

These latter sentences, printed in italics, are quoted by the Reviewer. The sentence preceding them he omits; because it shews that Mr Maurice is not speaking of the introduction of German Theology as desirable in itself, but as having already been accomplit, and as inevitable; and that his desire therefore is to shew how this intercourse, which cannot be averted, “may be turned to profit, and not to evil.”

Yet, on the strength of this one passage, the Reviewer has the audacity to accuse Mr Maurice of conspiring with me to undermine the faith of England by labouring to introduce the infidel Theology of Germany. On the strength of this one passage he denounces Mr Maurice, and calls upon all faithful Christians to resist and denounce him, as one “who would, in vanity or in treason, undermine our faith.” This is the manner, Sir, in which you make amends to a person for having uttered a false charge against him, which

you have been compelled to retract. It is an old observation, *Proprium est humani generis odisse quem laeseris*; and the sagacity of the remark is receiving continual verification, even from those who call themselves Christian divines, from those who thrust themselves forward as champions, but in fact are subverters, of the Christian faith.

The rationalizing and infidel Theology of Germany has made its way into England, without Mr Maurice's aid, and without mine. The question is,—how is it to be resisted? how are we to draw good out of this evil? as Faith, we know, through God's help, can out of all evil. We cannot build a Chinese wall, and shut it out. We could not even keep out the Picts by such means, much less the legions in the great army of Thought. The very act of building such a wall is a proof of weakness and degeneracy. When a nation places its strength in outward bulwarks, that strength is verging on its decay. The only true strength is in ourselves, and in God. They who attempt to fence themselves round with penalties and with anathemas, they who go forth with clamour and clatter, like the barbarians against the monster who was devouring the sun, are sure to find before long that their vain confidence itself, their clamour and clatter, become an aggravation of their weakness. The living faith of the nation wanes away, when it is debarred from intercourse with all that has life in it, when it is told that, if it ventures to meet its enemies, it will be as grasshoppers before them. If such a fear comes over our faith, what shall we say? except *Let us go back into Egypt: for there at all events we shall have something substantial*. This has often been seen in Romish countries. Everything connected with religion, in such a state of things, becomes hollow, nominal, unreal. Instead

of a living object of faith, they who celebrate their formal rites in the place where their fathers worshipt, find out after a while that they are dancing round a dry mummy of Orthodoxy. Or, if they do not find it out themselves, the younger generation are sure to do so, and will be scared away by the sightless eyes, and the dark, shriveled features. Hereby many of them will be driven into hostile excesses. In order to combat the spirit of unbelief, which is rushing upon us impetuously from within, as well as from without, we must have a living spirit of faith. Our soldiers must be trained to fight against it with its own weapons, not with the armour and the arms "of the invincible knights of old." Those knights fought with the armour and the arms of their own age ; or they would not have been invincible. The spear and the crossbow and the breastplate will not avail against modern artillery. If we are to be victorious in the conflict,—as, provided we do our duty, with God's help we assuredly shall be,—we must use the armour and the arms of our own times. The powers of nature may be marshaled against us ; the powers of art may be marshaled against us. But we may make them our allies.

Winds blow, and Waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Liberty,
Yet in themselves are nothing. One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul
Only the Nations shall be great and free.

So may all the powers of the human mind, all the subtilty of the intellect, all the aspirations of the imagination, be marshaled in opposition to Faith, if our Faith is faithless ; and so will they be. But, if our Faith is strong and faithful, it will wield them as weapons of light to conquer and convince the gainsayers.

It is under this deep and firm conviction, that I have ever maintained, and, so far as power is granted to me, shall continue to maintain and to urge, that we are not to shrink and skulk from the difficulties and the conflicts, which the course of the world, and the aggressions and revolutions of Thought may cast in the way of the Church, but to grapple with them, to surmount them, to overcome them. We shall never fulfill God's purposes by shutting ourselves up in fortresses, and letting the great host of the human mind sweep by. Fortresses in modern warfare have lost their protective power: the hosts march onward; and the garrisons, if they did not surrender, would die out. But let us do our part; let us go onward with the foremost; let us outreason the subtlest; let us outsoar the boldest: for we know that all things shall be subdued under the Son of God, all the powers of the intellectual, and of the moral, as well as of the physical world,—Reason, and Imagination, and Conscience, and Will, as well as Life and Death. German heresy, German infidelity are rushing into the land. English heresy, English infidelity are rising up to meet them. *Art thou also become like us?* each of them cries exultingly to the other. How are we to overcome this confederacy? We shall not do so by putting on the old, rusty and battered armour of the Fathers, or of the Schoolmen. They did their work in their days; and by studying their example we may gain some lessons, how we are to do ours. But our work is in many respects different from theirs. The forms of thought we have to contend with are different; the doubts and perplexities which are bewildering us, are different,—the same indeed essentially, but with great differences in their modes of uttering themselves.

Surely then, in preparing for the battle against this unholy alliance, Wisdom does not bid us reject the aid which German Faith and German Thought may yield us. The Saxons came in of yore as our helpers, and became our masters ; but now they are our brethren. Their battle is ours ; ours is theirs. We are fighting against the same enemies, for the same Lord. Many of the intellectual combats have already been waged and won by them ; and from them we too may learn how we are to wage and to win them.

That there is such a thing as German Faith, that there are precious masses of German Thought, I know from an experience of more than thirty years, for which I shall ever be thankful. In the Notes to *the Mission of the Comforter*, I have endeavoured to prove this, and to offer some hints by the help of which our students may be led to the better sources of German divinity, without going through as long a pilgrimage as has fallen to my lot. This is the amount of my offense. Of course I do not mean to say that any German divine of our age is to be taken as an infallible guide, any more than any divine of any other country or age, since that of the Apostles. But for the wants which are felt by the most thoughtful enquirers of our times, for the difficulties which disturb them, more help can be obtained from the German Theology of our days than from that of all former ages. This is almost implied indeed in the fact of their being our contemporaries. For contemporary, living teachers have ever been those who have exercised the most powerful immediate influence upon mankind ; as arises necessarily from the fact, that they are best able to understand the modes of thought, and to sympathize with the modes of feeling,

which prevail in their days. This my conviction of the great value of what is good in German Theology is shared, so far as I have had the means of judging, by all who are really acquainted with it, in proportion to the familiarity of their acquaintance. They who are ignorant of it, deny its value. But what is the worth of a witness, whom one can prove to be non-cognisant of the facts?

Doubtless there is much that is evil in German Theology: there are temptations and snares that may lure the student astray. I have never denied this. The Reviewer himself admits that I have "condemned Rationalism in the gross, and in language the vigour of which is fully equal to that of any writer he is acquainted with:" and for this very reason, because there is so much folly and perversity in it, have I tried to help our students in distinguishing between the good and the bad, so that they may choose out the former, and eschew the latter. But does not the same complication and perplexity beset us in every mode of life? Can any one go through life, without having to make the choice of Hercules? And can this choice be made once for all? Have we not to renew it continually under one form or other? We cannot train up our divines in a hothouse, any more than the other classes of men who are to bear part in the manifold warfare of the world. A hothouse plant, when it is brought out of its shelter, is unable to buffet with the storms: the first frost kills it. This is the order of the world: and they who have any practical knowledge of education, are well aware that to screen a boy from all perception of the evil that is in the world, is not the way to prepare him for encountering that evil in after years; not to mention that the spring of evil is within us, and that this evil will

assuredly spring up under one form or other, whatever pains we may take to keep boys always under a glass. Hence they who are educated thus, while they gain no strength to resist temptation, mostly become insufferable coxcombs, who fancy themselves pure, and that they are defiled whenever they come into contact with the world. One can hardly conceive an education less fitted to prepare a man for the ministry of the Gospel. In truth the whole scheme of the world and all experience shew that the right system of education is not negative, but positive,—that the best way of keeping down weeds is by sowing good seed,—and that our work is to strengthen the heart, the mind, and all its faculties, the will, the conscience, the moral affections, in the faith and fear of God, even as we endeavour to strengthen and perfect all the members of the body, so that the whole man may be fitted for whatsoever work he may be called to. Nor may we indulge the hope of training up our divines in ignorance of the heresies by which the Church is infested. It was not thus that Augustin was trained to fight against heresies. Train them to be strong, strong in faith, strong in the knowledge of the enemies they will have to contend against, strong in the power of wielding all their faculties against those enemies. This will be a far wholesomer diet, than if we fed them with the *crambe recocta* of our own peculiar system.

That German Theology may render us valuable service in the training of our divines, we may in some measure infer from what has already been effected in England by the influence of German Philology. He who compares Bishop Thirlwall's *History of Greece*, or Mr Grote's, with Mitford's, will be disposed to marvel at the immeasurable superiority of the two former,—a superiority arising, not

merely or mainly from their superior talents, but far more from their better method of exercising those talents, and using their materials, from their having had their sight purged, as it were, to see ancient history in a new light : and I am sure that Bishop Thirlwall and Mr Grote would be the first persons to acknowledge that their chief advantage over Mitford has been what they have learnt from Niebuhr, and from other masters of German Philology. They have not, it is true, merely imported their learning. It would have been of little worth in that case. They have assimilated it, and made it their own. They have assimilated the elements and products of German speculation and research with the peculiar spirit of the English mind, with our practical, statesmanly judgement. A somewhat similar contrast may be discerned, if we compare Arnold's *History of Rome* with his earlier Essays on Roman History published in *the Encyclopedia Metropolitana*. In him too it seems as if a scale had been withdrawn from his eyes. Of a similar kind, I feel confident, will be the result in Theology, and that here too our peculiar English gift of choosing out and adopting what is practically good and useful, and rejecting what is excessive and extravagant and merely notional, will manifest itself very beneficially. Nay, we have already seen proofs of this. The great superiority of Mr Trenches works to our common English exegetical writings is evidently owing in great measure to his familiarity with the best German divines. So again Mr Stanley's *Sermons on the Apostolical Age* shew by what discipline he has been trained, and by what learning his mind has been fed, and, excellent as they are in themselves, hold out a promise of greater things to come, both from himself, and from others nurtured in the same school.

Already in the age of the Reformation did our Church derive infinite benefit from the great religious teachers of Germany: and although during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the dominant party in our Church leant too much in an opposite direction, yet, when, amid the torpours of the first half of the last century, a new spiritual life was awakened in England, many of the sparks which kindled it came over from Germany; and Zinzendorf a main agent in rousing Wesley. Unhappily our Church did not cherish these sparks, but cast out him on whom they had lit. Then came a long period during which the star of France was in the ascendent throughout Europe; and nothing flourished beneath it. Its influence was checking and repressing as to all the higher exercises of thought, until the insurrection of Europe against her political usurpation threw off the intellectual yoke of France along with the political, and revived the consciousness of our Teutonic brotherhood. Since the beginning of the present century, the power of this consciousness has been becoming more and more manifest in the various branches of our literature. Its first organs were Walter Scott and Coleridge. At present one can hardly take up a journal without seeing marks of it.

I do not mean that England has been solely recipient, without communicating anything in return. The intercourse would have been of doubtful benefit, had such been the case; but even the blessings which came to us from the German Reformation, were only a return for those which we had sent to Germany centuries before in the mission of Boniface. The influence exercised by Shakspeare, at least over literature, has been far greater in Germany than in England: and the best German political writers of the

last and the present generation have recognised their master in Burke. Even in ancient philology, the Germans are now importing our Histories of Greece, which were first inspired by them, but which they declare to be far superior to any of native growth, in consequence of the habit of practical, political thought generated by our free constitution. All these things point to the original brotherhood between the English mind and the German. The thoughts which stir the one awaken a response in the other, and are propagated onward: and these influences are totally different from any that either of us has ever received from the other nations of Europe. They belong to another family; we are brethren.

In like manner, while we have been deriving some good at least, as well as evil, from their Theology, one of the first divines now living in Germany, I have been informed, acknowledges that, though he was trained to be speculatively and in doctrine a Christian in the theological schools of his own country, it was only when he came over to England, and saw some examples of Christian life amongst us, and still more in Scotland, that he was awakened to a knowledge of practical Christianity. Many, I believe, would join in a like declaration: and this would indeed be a precious return for us to make for whatever we may learn from their Theology. It is the very thing they want, to keep their Theology from excesses, to give it a Christian substance, as well as form. Not that this is wholly wanting in Germany: numbers of beautiful examples of it are to be found. But still, through God's mercy, the inestimable blessing of practical Christianity, of Christianity as forming the ruling, vital principle of our domestic, and of our personal life, is much more frequent in

England. May it become more and more frequent in both countries! and may this blessed communion of giving and receiving spread more and more widely, and bind us together in closer bonds of union! At a time when we are abolishing all commercial restrictions, it would indeed be a wild paradox, if we were to enact a Bill of Exclusion against the products of German Thought. The worthy dame who tried to resist the incursions of the Atlantic with her broom, would have to hide her diminished head before the superior wisdom of such an enterprise. As our Missionary Societies, from the days of Schwartz to the present, have found so many of their best, most pious, wisest, and most efficient labourers among our Teutonic brethren, so, I trust and pray, notwithstanding all obstacles, however formidable, may our Church and the Protestant Church of Germany be drawn more and more closely together; and may we thus be enabled to fight the good fight of faith side by side victoriously against the enemies of God and man! Even if we had to avenge ourselves upon Germany for the evil her Theology has done us, this would be the only Christian revenge. But her cause, as I have said, is also ours; and ours is hers: and unwise and base as was the policy recommended during the wars at the beginning of this century by those who would have had us separate our cause from that of Europe, and husband our resources against the day when we should be attacked at home, still more unwise and mean would it be, to shrink from the great religious conflicts of our age, and to wrap ourselves up in the comfortable consciousness of our Anglican orthodoxy, and to go on repeating, *We believe, We believe*, till the words died away with our expiring faith.

I have now done with this vindication of myself. The

various accusations and insinuations, which the Reviewer has brought against me, have, I conceive, been fully refuted; at least all that are of any moment. If there are some slighter ones which I have omitted to notice, it is from the wearisomeness and loathsomeness of the task of exposing one slander after another, one misrepresentation after another. A charge may be stated in a line, which it may take pages to rebut. I have said little about what the Reviewer urges against my friends, Dr Arnold and the Chevalier Bunsen, because they are merely brought in for the sake of implicating me and Mr Maurice in the errors imputed to them; and I have already had opportunities of expressing my thoughts and feelings concerning them. On divers former occasions it has been my duty to vindicate one or other of my friends; on one, a person with whom I had no acquaintance, but who laid claim to my sense of justice, when I was called upon to take part in the proceedings against him. These controversies were not without pain; but there was something satisfactory and cheering in their purpose. This has been almost wholly painful and humiliating, to have to vindicate oneself, against such accusations, and such an adversary. I may seem to have spoken of him severely: but let it be remembered what is the heinousness of the charges brought against me,—that I have been denounced as a propagator of infidelity, as desiring covertly, “in vanity or treason, to undermine the faith of the Church,” of that Church to whose service my whole life is professedly devoted,—and consequently that my whole life is one huge, base, foul lie: let it be remembered that these heinous charges are brought against me without a single particle of evidence in proof of them, without the citation of a single sentence from my

writings that can warrant them, and that they are supported by a string of slanderous falsehoods, and by insinuations which are almost worse than downright falsehoods. How is such an adversary to be treated? Does it not become a duty to call his offenses by their right name, offenses which acquire a deeper dye from being committed under the name of religion? It may be thought that of such charges one's life ought to be the only refutation, and that it was needless to undertake any other. Nor should I, if they had stood alone: I should have left them to that refutation, or to other defenders. But there was a good deal of censure on my conduct in publishing the life of my friend, Sterling; and being aware that divers good persons, not knowing the circumstances which led me to undertake that work, have been grieved by my having done so, I deemed it right to make the foregoing statement, which I alone could make, with regard to it: and, when I had gone thus far, it seemed impossible to decline taking notice of the rest of the article. For recent experience has confirmed, what had often been seen before, that, when accusations of this kind are left uncontradicted, very many are apt to fancy that no satisfactory reply can be made to them.

Who the Reviewer may be, I have no means of knowing; nor do I desire to know. Let him continue screened by his anonymousness from the shame, which would else fall on such a calumniator. But your duty, sir, plainly is to expell him from the body of your contributors. An officer who had committed such offenses, as I have proved him to have committed, would be expelled from his regiment: a member of a club would be expelled from his club. Shall men who profess to unite as champions of Christian

truth, and of the Church of England, be less studious to preserve their honour unsullied ?

To yourself, sir, belongs the guilt of having inserted such an article. This is a different kind of copartnership from that which your Reviewer has tried to establish between me and my friends. Though the Editor of a Review cannot fairly be held responsible for every statement in it, yet assuredly, when he inserts an article denouncing certain ministers in the Church as desiring to undermine its faith, he ought at the least to ascertain carefully that there are good *prima facie* grounds for such an accusation. Therefore from you, sir, I demand a full, frank, manly retraction and apology for the offense which you have committed against me. If you make this, and if the exposure of this delinquency renders you more watchful as to the articles you insert hereafter, your Review may become better fitted for fulfilling the high office it has assumed. If not,—if you shrink from such a retraction and apology,—if, on the contrary, you uphold and persist in the course on which you have entered,—then,—seeing that in all ages the chief hindrances and injuries to the Faith have accrued from the vices of its professors, and that nothing can be more revolting to an honest, truth-loving heart, than falsehood and slander under the guise of Religion,—your Review will have to take an ignominious place among the Tendencies subversive of Faith.

J. C. HARE.

HERSTMONCEUX,

February 5th, 1849.

Mr Maurice, hearing of my intention to answer the attack on us in your Review, sent me the following letter, which I gladly insert.

MY DEAR HARE,

There is a long story connected with the mysterious paragraph respecting me, which winds up the last number of *the English Review*. I will tell it as briefly as I can. In the number for October there was a notice,—about half a page long,—of my Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. The Reviewer charged me,—“this professor of Divinity,” as he called me,—with aversion to the name and idea of a priesthood, with counting it a misfortune that I had been ordained a priest, with being in opposition to the whole Prayerbook. As these charges were professedly deduced from a book consisting of less than one hundred and fifty duodecimo pages, I conceived that the writer of the article could have no difficulty in pointing out the passages on which he had grounded them. I askt him to do so, requesting further that he would lay them before the Bishop of London, my dioecesan, and the chairman of the council of the College in which I am a Divinity Professor. The editor replied that he would pay due attention to my note; but that he could not lay complaints before bishops, and he was not a public prosecutor. I rejoined that I thought he was, only that he liked better to bring his accusations before readers who would not examine into the truth of them, than before the bishop, who would: and I concluded my note with saying that the accusations themselves were as false as any which were ever spoken or written. Hereupon the editor wrote to an acquaintance of his, who was much interested in

King's College, urging him to recommend me to be prudent: if I askt more than some salve to my wounded feelings, which perhaps he might be willing to give, he would make an attack upon the divinity teaching of the College generally, and my colleagues would have no cause to thank me for my interference. I knew that my colleagues would have great cause to thank me, if I were the instrument of causing a thorough enquiry into the character of their teaching; and the editor's referee thought so too; however little we might either of us expect from such an enquiry carried on under the auspices of *the English Review*. The editor's friend told him, with Christian manliness and courtesy, that my 'wounded feelings' and his threats had nothing to do with the question. Either the writer of the article respecting me had said that which was true, or that which was not true. If he had said that which was true, he should produce the evidence; if that which was not true, he should make a retraction. It was agreed at length that a paragraph should be sent to the editor's referee and to me, which, if we approved of it, should be inserted in the next number. Six weeks after this correspondence,—within a week or two of the appearance of the January number,—the editor sent a paragraph, in which he said that, after comparing the book reviewed at a certain page of the former number with other books of mine, he found I did not agree with the other members of my school in their opinions respecting the priesthood. He found I did not hold the opinions which are so rife among the followers of Arnold and Bunsen; therefore he hastened to say so. I answered at once, that I was not a follower of Arnold and Bunsen, and that I could not accept such a retraction. I afterwards explained, in a letter to

the gentleman to whom the editor had referred (begging him to forward the statement), that, if by a follower of Arnold and Bunsen, was meant one who agreed with them, or either of them, respecting the Priesthood, the Sacraments, the relation of the Church to the State, not one but all of my books would disprove the assertion. If he meant follower in any other sense, I disclaimed so extravagant a compliment ; for, excepting for those opinions, I did not know that they were remarkable for anything but their high intellectual gifts and moral virtues. The result was, that the editor inserted four lines at the end of the long article, in which he attacks me, in connexion with Arnold, Bunsen, you, and some six or eight more,—which four lines he was tolerably sure no reader would connect with the previous notice of the Sermons on the Lord's Prayer ; and which have left the impression upon at least one intelligent person I have met with in the last two days, that further enquiry had convinced the editor that I *did* hold the notions upon the priesthood, of which he had partly acquitted me in his previous tirade. A more ingenious method of retracting a charge, which the writer solemnly made, and for which he confest there was no foundation in the book which he had reviewed, or in any other of mine he had ever seen,—I do not remember to have met with.

If you should wish to insert this statement in your forthcoming letter, for the purpose of illustrating the morality of your assailant, and of the English religious press generally, do so by all means. But let me beseech you not to use it for the purpose of shewing that my case stands upon a different ground from that of some of the other persons attackt by the Reviewer, and that I am entitled to a separate trial. As far as *the English Review*

and the class it represents are concerned, we all stand precisely on the same ground. *Their* verdict against any one in the list is a verdict against me. I wish to say so distinctly,—expecting fully that the Reviewer will quote the words I have just written, without their explanation, in italics or capitals, and being perfectly indifferent whether he does so or not. All those persons whom he seems to have associated by no law but one of malice or caprice in his article, have, or had, as I think, one characteristic in common. They did, or do, feel, more or less strongly, that the popular English religious systems cannot last,—that the time is gone by when a man may choose which of these systems he will stand upon,—that he cannot stand upon any,—that, unless there be some foundation deeper than these, the pit of Pantheism (I should say, of Atheism) must swallow us up, whether we call ourselves High Churchmen or Low Churchmen, Romanists, Anglicans, Liberals, Evangelicals, or Rationalists.

Of this fact, I say, we all, great or little, learned or simple, orthodox or heretical, known or unknown to each other, were made aware by one kind of discipline or another. And it is this fact which the English Reviewers, and the organs of all our religious parties wish to keep out of sight. By railing at each other, by imputing all existing evils to the people who do not read and admire them, by persuading their countrymen that infidelity can only come to them from Germany, and that ignorant railings against the literature and theology of that country will keep off the infection of it,—by identifying their own schemes with the principles for which Fathers, Schoolmen, Mystics, Reformers, English divines were witnesses,—above all,—and this applies especially to your adversary,—by

boasting that they represent the genius of our Church as it is set forth in her formularies,—by these means they hope still to keep their own plank floating when every other has sunk. Those who tell them it is impossible, must deserve their hatred, their impartial hatred. What can it signify, whether we trust our own wisdom to guide us to the eternal foundations which lie beneath these fragmentary and crumbling systems, or whether we seek the help of German philosophers or divines in the search,—whether we desire to profit by the wisdom of the Church in all ages, or whether we turn with especial love and reverence and hope to our own Formularies? What can it signify, whether we cast the Bible aside in despair, because other men have made it an idol, or whether we turn to it with ever fresh zeal and ardour, and find day by day more light in it to guide our own lives, and to teach us the sense of history? What can it signify, whether we reject the Creeds, taking them to be mere words, or whether we find in the Creeds the deepest of all realities, realities which satisfy all our wants, upon which we can rest our whole being? What signifies it whether we occupy ourselves chiefly in demolishing systems, or chiefly in seeking for the principles in them which cannot be demolished,—whether we regard these as a new and refined Christianity (perhaps as some substitute for Christianity), or as the oldest Christianity, asserting its might against all that has narrowed and crushed it, proving itself to be meant for all times, for none more than this? Such differences may seem to you and me very important: but let us understand it well: they must seem the merest trifles in the eyes of our religious parties. This is their shibboleth: ‘*Will you support our system?*’ ‘No,

never !' 'Which will you support ? the semi-Romish, the Evangelical, the Liberal ? Each of these is bad ; for it is not ours ; but it is a religio licita. The journalists will allow you to profess it.' 'So help me God ! I will not profess any one of these schemes !' 'Then, sir, your place is there, in that limbo. You will find strange companions. And mark ! you think we in our different parties can agree about nothing. We can. We can suspend our battles with each other for a while, and join heart and hand in casting stones at you.'

This is a tolerably accurate translation, I believe, of the words in *the English Review*, in which we are told that public opinion shall be appealed to against us,—that this is a tribunal which, we know, and they know, we are afraid of. O, my dear friend, that this charge at least may be a libel ! Or rather let us assume it to be too true ; let us feel and confess that we are tempted,—tempted continually,—to worship the great goddess, whom all the world, the religious world more perhaps than any other, worship ; and let us pray the Lord God to deliver us from this idolatry, and to give us grace that we may sanctify Him in our hearts, and make Him our fear, and Him our dread. The English Reviewers have not miscalculated : they are wise in their generation. They can and will appeal to all the bitterness, hardness, cruelty, which are in the English religious mind ; above all, to the sense which there is in that mind, of utter insecurity, of the necessity of cleaving to some sect or system of opinions, because it has so feeble a hold on the eternal truths which the Bible and the Creeds set forth. The appeal will be made and answered. You may wonder, since *the English Review* regards your opinions as so dangerous, and invokes the wrath of clergy and laity

upon them, that it has never exposed your *Mission of the Comforter*, or any of your more elaborate works, but should have reserved its attacks for the memoir of a friend, which it cost you days and nights of sorrow to write. Of course upon ordinary maxims such conduct would be monstrous. But it is clever and judicious for its objects. The lower portion of the religious public in England scorns principles, delights in proper names. It is essentially suspicious, as all people, uncertain of their own ground, and conscious that some convulsion is approaching, necessarily are. To pander to this appetite and this fear is the function of the religious journalist. By these arts he has his wealth. The dullest writer on moral and spiritual subjects finds he is listened to when he begins to deal with personalities. *I can't speak as loud as I used to speak*, said an aged wit to a lady who complained that his discourse had become much more bitter and malevolent than it was in earlier days; *and therefore I am obliged to say things that I am sure the people I mix with will take all pains to hear.*

But there is something surely which is more terrible than the frowns of this public opinion, sweeter than its smiles. It is more terrible to see the sons and daughters of religious families growing daily more discontented with the traditions of their fathers, more convinced that everything they have heard is hollow and insincere, and that the foundations of earth and heaven are rottenness. It would be a higher reward, if we could lead even one to believe that these traditions have an everlasting ground,—that the outside crust of sects and systems covers over, not a deep void, but truths upon which one may rest when they have all crumbled into atoms. It is a more terrible thing that young men should go forth to preach truths to

the people which they do not believe, passing all the while for respectable Anglicans, Evangelicals, Semi-Romanists, afraid to ask themselves what they mean, lest they should find that they mean nothing, talking loudly and noisily against some one else, that they may drown the awful voice which speaks to them from within. It would be a blessing beyond all blessings, and worth encountering all the indignation of all the reviews in Europe for, if we could send forth a few priests, feeling that the word and Sacraments are really committed to them, and that the trust is a most real and awful one, and that they have nothing to do with the catchwords of this party or that, and that they may be messengers of truth and peace to high and low, and that God has indeed founded Zion, and that the poor of his people may trust in it. It is terrible to see the noblest, bravest spirits driven to despair by coldness and heartlessness, led to think the Church the cruellest of taskmasters, instead of the most loving of mothers, led to spurn the very truths which in their inmost hearts they are confessing and longing for,—led to suppose that unity means exclusiveness,—to confound Christ with Belial, the Father of Lights with the spirit of lies. O! surely we might bear the reputation of being at one with infidels, of being infidels, a whole life long, not only among the dark and base, but among the good and gentle, if, by our sympathizing with but one such spirit, we could persuade him that God is true, though men be liars, that the Gospel is as true and large and free as ever it was, that it can satisfy all the special longings and cravings of this time, which are so absolutely incapable of satisfying themselves.

The English Review has fixt with admirable sagacity upon the crime with which I am chiefly chargeable. It

complains that I agree with those who in this day, and in former days, have declared liberty,—liberty of conscience, heart, reason, spirit,—to be the great blessing of man. I plead guilty to the charge. I believe that the history of the Bible is the history of a Redemption, that we do not know God till we regard Him as a Deliverer,—that we do not understand our own work in the world,—least of all the priest's work,—till we believe that we are sent into it to carry out His designs for the deliverance of ourselves and of our race. On this ground I have always placed my defense of our Liturgy and Articles. Other people speak of them as a bondage too heavy to be borne : I know I have found them blessed instruments of emancipation. They have broken innumerable yokes from off my neck. I am sure they will do the same good work for all my countrymen who will use them faithfully. I wrote a pamphlet thirteen years ago to maintain that the Articles would set the student of Theology and Humanity free from a number of narrow and tyrannical systems. I am preaching a set of sermons now to shew how the Prayerbook may serve still more effectually to free both clergy and laymen from moral and spiritual thralldom. My teaching must therefore be most offensive to the English Reviewer. I would gladly challenge him to take all means, fair and foul, for finding out heterodoxy in my sermons from the pulpit, or in my lectures to students,—provided the Creeds, the Liturgy, the Articles are taken as the tests of orthodoxy, and if it be a part of orthodoxy to make the Bible a key to all other studies. But I am quite certain that this is not the orthodoxy he looks for. On the contrary he would insist upon a kind of orthodoxy which I hold to be utterly incompatible with it. So long as I hold by the Prayerbook,

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I cannot hold by Mr Palmer's book. The Church which the one brings before me is living, free, divine. The other is a fleshless skeleton, a ghastly apparition, which has driven many, I am convinced, who saw it rising at the call of an Anglican enchanter, to seek a refuge in Romish Materialism, or in the formless void of Pantheism.

The last words remind me of a solemn subject, upon which I have not yet ventured to speak. The Reviewer will no doubt appeal to your Memoir in proof that his view of the way in which doubters should be treated is right, and mine wrong, that the exclusive theory of the Church is the safe one,—any other perilous. *You have tried your plan*, he will say triumphantly; *behold the result!* I answer, the more boldly, because with bitter shame: experience in this particular instance, as much as Reason, as much as Scripture, convinces me that your method is a fatal one; that the one furthest removed from it is the right and godly one. It is easy to lay down rules: it is another thing to act upon them. I believed many years ago that I ought to sympathize with those who differed from me most widely. I did not follow out my own faith. I engaged in arguments, when I should have sought for the truth which was in the heart of him who was disputing with me. I did not enter into his difficulties, often excused the scandals in our practice, which his conscience rightly condemned, often (having a very slight acquaintance with German Theological literature myself) shewed impatience of his devotion to it, endeavoured to force upon him my own vehement nationality. I can testify,—and, though I have no wish to make a confession, for the sake of others I *must*,—to the evil effects of this treatment. Just so far as I followed the maxims of *the English Review*,—and I did

follow them to a sad extent,—just so far I am certain that I did him a moral injury, which it is bitter suffering to reflect upon. And I can testify as strongly to the entirely opposite, and gentle, and altogether Christianizing influence, which was produced on his mind by the frank, genial, cordial spirit in which he was met by two men, whomeven the Reviewer will scarcely suspect of any tolerance for his opinions, Archdeacon Manning, and a dear friend of my college days, Mr Marriott, of Oriel. They shewed him more sympathy than I did, precisely because their moral and spiritual tone was more elevated; and so I believe the case will be always. To them, and to Trench, and to you belong the honour and the blessed recollection of having cheered and soothed his spirit, and given him the hope that the Church might still become a reality: to me belongs the deserved shame of finding that a Reviewer has to prove by a collation of paragraphs, that I was acquainted with a man whom I knew intimately for twenty years, to whom I owe more than one human being almost ever owed to another.

Upon the other and more general question I can speak as confidently. I am certain that he was more alienated from us by what seemed to him the meanness and dishonesty of our different religious schools, than by all the Strausses and Bauers. If I had wanted evidence, his case would be sufficient to convince me, that we have nothing to fear from them, provided only we resolve to reform ourselves. May we be enabled, my dear friend, to engage heartily in that work! We must encounter the hostility of all religious parties and journals; but we may look humbly and trustingly for the help and blessing of God.

Your very affectionate brother,

F. D. MAURICE.

You will say a word, no doubt, about the Reviewer's insinuation, that you and others urged Sterling not to produce his opinions too hastily, but to bring them out by degrees, hoping that the world would in time be ripe for them. This charge, which, on account of its meanness, will be most agreeable to many of the readers of *the English Review*, and will sound most plausible to them, will, you well know, seem utterly ridiculous to any one who ever spent an hour with Sterling. Any friend who gave him such advice, must have made up his mind deliberately to a hopeless quarrel with him. His temptation was not to compromise and economize, but to bring out his opinions precisely before the people who were most likely, and who were best able, to confute them. He had no pleasure in startling women or boys; but he spoke of his doubts to men with more than frankness, with exaggeration, concealing the opposite feelings which were in his heart, and resolutely shewing himself in the most disadvantageous light. Though no one was more sensitive about inflicting pain upon others, he seemed to feel that honesty demanded this sacrifice of him. I call it a sacrifice; for I am certain it was one. He did feel isolation and the alienation of friends very bitterly. He thought their feelings were more estranged from him than they were; and I am certain, any pecuniary sacrifice (which the Reviewer very naturally and characteristically takes to be the only possible one, and which it was not in Sterling's power to make, as he had no preferment), would have seemed to him a very cheap compensation for this loss.

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POSTSCRIPT.

THE publication of this Letter having been accidentally delayed, I am enabled to subjoin a positive contradiction of the Reviewer's assertion in p. 400, that Sterling "commenced life as a follower of that *negative* system in reference to religion, which distinguished the Edinburgh Reviewers thirty years ago,—*i. e.* in fact as a sceptic." This statement is concocted according to the process, of which we have already seen several instances, by throwing a poisonous ingredient into that which had previously been innocent. I have spoken in the Memoir (p. viii.), of "the crude opinions *on morals and politics and taste*, which Sterling held when he first went to College," and which, he told me in later years were in great measure ascribable to his having read through the whole series of *the Edinburgh Review* in his boyhood. In p. xiv. I again allude to "the cramped and cramping opinions *in philosophy and taste*, which he brought with him to College." Subsequently, in p. cxxviii. where I have to introduce some remarks on the change in his religious views, I say, with reference to the foregoing statement, that "the tendency of his early education had been negative, after that mode of negativeness which we may remember as characteristic of such as drew their opinions from the oracles of *the Edinburgh Review* thirty years ago." I have said nothing about his early religious opinions, for

the simple reason that I knew nothing about them. I speak merely of his opinions “*on morals and politics and taste,*” “*in philosophy and taste,*”—with regard to which, when he came to College, he held Mr James Mill and Lord Jeffrey to be the first, or at least among the first living authorities. In asserting that he “commenced life as a follower of that negative system *in reference to religion*, which distinguist the Edinburgh Reviewers thirty years ago,—*i. e.* in fact as a sceptic,” our assailant quietly slips in the words *in reference to religion* out of his mischief-breeding brain, and then draws an inference after his own fashion, that Sterling commenced life “as a sceptic,” without any ground for it. Possibly he may have been unable to understand how I could speak of his early intellectual training as exercising an influence in regard to the religious opinions which he adopted in after-life. In those days the religious and ecclesiastical controversies, which have so lamentably distracted the students at our universities of late years, were unknown. At Cambridge, with the exception of a considerable body who attacht themselves to Mr Simeon, hardly any of the young men took interest in doctrinal Theology, unless such as were preparing for the ministry, of which Sterling at that time had no thoughts. The bulk of them were content to hold the opinions which they had imbibed from their parents and teachers: some of the more thoughtful ventured now and then into speculations on the primary questions of Natural Theology. To these the appearance of the *aids to Reflexion* was almost like a new birth, opening their way into higher regions of thought, after they had long been disgusted with the course which the University appointed for them through the dead level of Paley. So barren had our Church been for nearly a

century, that they who hungered after some more substantial and generous fare than was to be met with at the meagre tables of the ordinary evangelical writers, were forced to go beyond its limits, to Robert Hall, to Chalmers, to Irving : for the writings of Horsley and Davison were not of a kind to satisfy their wants. Hence, as religious discussions were not prevalent among the students of Sterling's age, I had no definite information concerning the religious opinions which he held when he was at College ; and, being more scrupulous than the Reviewer about the correctness of my statements, I took no notice of this assertion of his, when I was speaking about the context in p. 8. But it is with great satisfaction that I can now state, on the authority of Mr Maurice, that Sterling was a strong believer in Christianity all the time he was at College. Even the Reviewer will hardly argue that this statement is contradicted by Sterling's saying in a letter some years after, " I seem to myself of late to have entered decidedly, and for the first time, into possession of those blessings which are offered to all in Christ's redemption " (p. xlv.). Under divers wholesome influences Sterling's belief ripened into an earnest practical faith, which manifested itself in his ministerial labours, so long as he was allowed to carry them on, and much of which abode with him till the end of his life, even when his mind was most perplexed by speculative difficulties and entanglements.

I will merely add, that, after having thus asserted, without any authority, and in opposition to the truth, that Sterling was a sceptic in his youth, the Reviewer proceeds to assert that I knew this fact, which, we see, was not a fact, and then that, knowing it, I strongly urged him to take orders, thus committing a crime for which there is no

conceivable motive, unless I was plotting to degrade his moral being, and to blast the happiness of his whole life. Thus he goes on piling falsehood upon falsehood,—some, knowing them to be such, others, from not taking the trouble to ask himself whether he has any ground for what he has been saying, in his eagerness to say all the evil he can—until the whole rotten fabric falls and crushes him.

J. C. H.

February 17th.

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